

POETRY

WHERE IS YOUR HAME, MY BONNIE BIRD?

BY MISS E. L. MONTAGUE.

"Where is your hame, my bonnie bird,
That sings the lee-lang day,
And wherefore chant ye wi' a voice
Sae lightsome an' sae gay?
Wha is't that hears the merry peal
Your sweet voice pours amain,
And what's the bird on yonder bough
That answering sings again?"

"I hae a bonnie hame, gudewife,
A hame on yonder tree;
An' it's my sweet mate frae out of the nest
That sings again to me;
An' oh, I chant the lee-lang day,
That my bonnie mate may hear;
An' the callow young aneath her wing
May ken that I am near."

"Whence do you come, my bonnie hound?
Wi' footsteps like the fawn:
An' wither, wither hae ye been
Sin' I missed ye at the dawn?
Oh, did ye gae the game to track,
Or hear the laverock sing:
Or did ye gae the deer to chase,
Or plover on the wing?"

"Oh, I hae been to the field, gudewife,
Where the warriors brave are sleeping,
And sadly o'er each clay-cauld breast
Their little ones are weeping.
I did na track the fallow deer,
Nor chase the winged prey;
But I drove the vulture frae the dead,
An' scared the wolf away."

"And why gae ye sae sad, my heart,
An' fill the woods wi' sighing;
An' why think ye o' the battle-field,
Where the clay-cauld dead are lying?
An' why beneath the auld aik tree
Do ye pour the saut, saut tear;
An' aye alane mak dolesome mane,
An' groan when none are hear?"

"Oh, I maun greet, thou waefu' soul,
An' oh, but I maun mourn,
And for ever pour the saut, saut tear,
For them that ne'er return.
Three lie on yonder battle-field,
An' twa 'neath yonder tree:
O' five braw sons that I hae borne,
Nane, nane is left to me."

THE DISCOVERY.

(FROM HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.)

"It's a nasty evening," said Mr. Dornton, the stock-broker, as he settled himself in the last inside place of the last Fulham coach, driven by our old friend Mat—an especial friend indeed, be it remembered, to the fair sex.

"I wouldn't be outside," said Mr. Jones, another stock-broker, "for a trifle."

"Nor I, as a speculation in options," said Mr. Parsons, another frequenter of the Alley.

"I wonder what Mat is waiting for," said Mr. Tidewell, "for we are full inside and out."

"Mr. Tidewell's doubts were soon solved,—the coach-door opened, and Mat somewhat ostentatiously inquired, what he very well knew—"I believe every place is took up inside?"

"We're all here," answered Mr. Jones, on behalf of the usual complement of old strangers.

"I told you so, ma'am," said Mat, to a female who stood beside him, but still leaving the door open to an invitation within.—However, nobody spoke—on the contrary, I felt Mr. Hindmarsh, my next neighbour, dilating himself like the frog in the fable.

"I don't no what I shall do," exclaimed the woman; "I've no where to go, and it's raining cats and dogs!"

"You'd better not hang about, any how," said Mat, "for you may ketch your death,—and I am the last coach this day,—an' t I Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure you are," said Mr. Jones, rather impatiently; "shut the door."

"I told the lady, the gentlemen could not make room for her," answered Mat, in a tone of apology,—"I'm very sorry, my dear," (turning towards the female,) "you should have my seat, if you could hold the ribbons—but such a pretty one as you ought to have a coach of her own."

He began slowly to close the door.

"Stop, Mat, Stop!" cried Mr. Dornton, and the door quickly unclosed again; "I can't give up my place for I'm expected home to dinner; but if the lady wouldnt object to sit on my knees—"

"Not the least in the world," answered Mat, eagerly; "you won't object, will you, ma'am, for once in a way, with a married gentleman, and a wet night, and the last coach on the road?"

"If I thought I shouldnt uncommodate," said the lady, precipitately furling her wet umbrella, which she handed in to one gentleman, whilst she favoured another with her muddy pattens. She then followed herself, Mat shutting the door behind her, in such a manner as to help her in. "I'm sure I'm obliged for the favour," she said, looking round; "but which gentleman was so very kind?"

"It was I who had the pleasure of proposing, madam," said Mr. Dornton; and before he pronounced the last word she was in his lap, with an assurance that she would sit as lightsome as she could. Both parties seemed very well pleased with the arrangement; but to judge according to the rules of Lavater, the rest of the company were but ill at ease. For my own part, I candidly confess I was equally out of humour with myself and the person who had set me such an example of gallantry. I, who had read the lays of the Troubadours—the awards of the old "Courts of Love"—the lives of the "preux Chevaliers"—the history of Sir Charles Grandison—to be outdone in courtesy to the sex by a married stockbroker! How I grudged him the honour she conferred upon him—how I envied his feelings!

I did not stand alone, I suspect, in this unjustifiable jealousy; Messrs. Jones, Hindmarsh, Tidewell, and Parsons seemed equally disinclined to forgive the chivalrous act which had, as true nights, lowered all our crests, and blotted our scutcheons, and cut off our spurs. Many an unfair jibe was launched at the champion of the fair, and when he attempted to enter into conversation with the lady, he was interrupted by incessant questions of "What is stirring in the Alley?"—"What is doing in Dutch?"—"How are the Rentes?"

To all these questions Mr. Dornton incontinently returned business-like answers, according to the last Stock Exchange quotations; and he was in the middle of an elaborate enumeration, that so and so was very firm, and so and so very low, and this rather brisk, and that getting up, and operations, and fluctuations, and so forth, when somebody inquired about Spanish bonds.

"They are looking up, my dear," answered Mr. Dornton, somewhat abstractedly; and before the other stock-brokers had done tittering the stage stopped. A bell was rung, and whilst Mat stood beside the open coach-door, a staid female in a calash and clogs, with a lantern in her hand, came clattering pompously down a front garden.

"Is Susan Pegge come?" inquired a shrill voice.

"Yes I be," replied the lady who had been dry-nursed from town—"are you, ma'am, number ten, Grove-place?"

"This is Mr. Dornton's," said the dignified woman in the hood, advancing her lantern,—"and—mercy on us! you're on master's lap!"

A shout of laughter from five of the inside passengers corroborated the assertion, and like a literal cat out of the bag, the ci-devant lady, forgetting her umbrella and her pattens, bolted out of the coach, and, with feline celerity rushed up the garden, and down the area, of number ten.

"Renounce the woman!" said Mr. Dornton, as he scuttled out of the stage—"Why the mischief didnt she tell me she was the new cook?"

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

A seaman belonging to the wood party of a ship upon the coast of Africa, had straggled with his companions, and was using his axe freely in the woods, when a large lioness approached him face to face. The man, for the first moments, gave himself up for lost; but very soon afterwards, he began to perceive that the mander and expression of countenance of the lioness was mild and even mournful, and that he had no danger to apprehend from her. She looked at him and then behind her, and upward into the trees, and went a few steps from him upon the path by which she came; and then returned, and went again, and acted in short, much as a dog would act that wished you to follow him. The seaman yielded to her obvious desire, and she led him some little distance, till near the foot of a tall tree, she stopped and looked up, with plaintive cries, into its branches. The seaman, directed by her eyes and gestures, looked upwards also, and soon discovered at a considerable height an ape, dandling and playing with a cub lion which he had carried thither for his amusement. The wants and wishes of the lioness were now easily understood. The species of cat, differ absolutely from it in this as in many other particulars,—that it cannot ascend a tree; a distinction by the way, which ought to satisfy us at once of the error of those who talk to us of the lions in America, where in reality there is no lion, and where the puma and jaguar, which they call lions, so readily ascend a tree.—But equally in vain, would it have been for the sailor to climb after the cub; for the ape at the best, would have enjoyed the frolic of leaping from branch to branch, or from tree to tree, as he approached. The only chance therefore, was to fell the tree, before the ape, seated near its top should

have the sagacity to provide against the effect of the strokes of the axe at its bottom. To work therefore, he went—the lioness, which had seen other trees fall by the axe of the stranger, standing by, and impatiently waiting the event. The ape kept his seat till the tree fell, and then fell with it; and the lioness the moment the robber reached the ground, sprang upon him with the swiftness and sureness of a cat springing upon a mouse, killed him, and then taking her cub in her mouth, walked contentedly away from the benefactor to whose skill and friendly assistance she had made her sorrowful appeal. "I can so much the more readily," observed Mr. Gubbins, believe that even wild animals should put faith in the skill and helping disposition of mankind, as I have myself met with a few striking examples of that faith and expectation in domesticated species, to whose observation however, the human arts and powers must be more familiar. A short time since I was riding over a common, at some distance from my house, when a pig, which in the course of feeding, had so twisted the triangular yoke upon his neck that the narrow portion of it pinched his throat and threatened him with suffocation—no sooner saw me, than he came as near as to the fore feet of my horse, foaming at the mouth, and struggling to overcome his difficulty. That he believed in the power of a man to assist him was evident; but he had also his fears of that human power, as possibly more dangerous to his throat than all the pressure of his inverted yoke: so that whenever I alighted from my horse with the design of helping him he ran away, and yet as soon as I was again seated, he returned, continued to travel with me, close to the horse's fore feet, or as near to my own person as he was able, his mouth still foaming, and his efforts to escape suffocation still prolonged. In the end seeing a farm house on one side of the road, I pulled my bridle that way, the pig still accompanying me, till reaching the yard gate, I called to some of the people, and apprised them of the pig's presence and misfortune, as my best means of promoting his relief.

AN AZOREAN MARRIAGE.—Our journey hence was enlivened by an immense crowd of peasantry proceeding in merry song from the distant chapel of Santa Barbara, where a juvenile couple had just been united in the solemn bands of wedlock. All were clad in their best attire, according to the curious, picturesque costume peculiar to the Island, which for the men consists of a blue jacket, almost covered with buttons in front: a red, brown or party coloured waistcoat, with breeches unbuttoned at the knees, showing a pair of white drawers, which hang somewhat loosely beneath, with rude long leather gaiters, over shoes or raw hide sandals; the very singular hat called the carapuca, is made of felt, covered with coarse blue cloth, and has a rim (the under part lined with red cloth) six inches wide, terminating with a crescented gore in front, where the pointed ends of the gore are turned up and have the appearance of horns; a broad pendant lappet is attached to it behind, which covers the neck and shoulders. Over this costume is worn in cold weather a long blue cloak, which with the tall spike stick they usually carry, gives a most curious appearance to the general exterior of the peasantry of St. Michael's. The bride was clad in a short bright green dress, with a high stiff bodice surmounted by a quantity of lace, with a white spreading cap of flowing lace and ribbons, and large ear-rings, necklace, chains, &c., of gold—which according to their riches or importance, always distinguish the female peasantry of the Azores. The group, approaching our cavalcade stopped, when after a courteous obeisance and with complimentary expressions in favour of our nation, two of the wedding party, with guitars, commenced an air, or rather a dissonant repetition of chords accompanied by an extemporaneous epithalamium, to which the whole group occasionally responded in following chorus.—*Boid's Account of the Western Islands.*

CHINESE HUMANE SOCIETY.—The Canton river is frequently extremely turbulent, and in consequence of the difficulty of the navigation, accidents are continually happening to the boats of the Indiamen. The Chinese are always on the look out, to turn such circumstances to advantage; and when they hasten to the relief of persons in jeopardy, it is invariably with a view to make a profit by it. Before they will rescue a drowning man, they drive hard bargains with him, exacting terms according to the peril of his situation, and the power they possess to turn it to account. They do not appear to have any scruple of conscience about leaving a sufferer to his fate, should he refuse to accede to their exorbitant demands.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN TWINS.—The French papers mention some rather strange process of sympathy existing between twin brothers, now between five and six years of age. Although these children did not suffer much during the first year, it was noticed, that they suffered simultaneously, whatever was the nature and degree of the suffering. In 1831 they were both attacked with intermit-

tent fever on the same day, which also left them at the same time. In the following year, they both had cutaneous eruptions, the symptoms and effects of which were precisely similar. In the winter, they both had colds and coughs, and they invariably coughed at the same time! In 1833 they both had a contagious disorder, and were attacked with it so precisely at the same time, that it was impossible to tell which had communicated it to the other. In 1834, both had a sort of ague at the same time.—Notwithstanding all these strange points of sympathy, the two boys are said not to be in the least alike; the one is very delicate, the other robust; and their characters differ as much as their personal appearance.—These facts are adduced, by the French anatomists, as confirmation of the opinion, that the cause of disorders generally is to be attributed rather to air and diet, than to any peculiar conformation of body, or to any apparent strength or weakness.

MODERN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL PROCESSION.—As we returned to the town, we stopped to see a funeral pass by; the deceased belonged to one of the most respectable in the country; the procession was attended by women, who in turns waved their handkerchiefs in the air, or drew them tight round their necks as if to strangle themselves; they uttered at intervals the most piercing screams; sometimes they addressed a few words to the bier, and raised themselves on tip-toe, as if to see whether the corpse would reply. All these mournful scenes, all these expressions of grief, are, as you are probably aware, quite unknown to the Turks, who are never seen to lament at a funeral. Another difference deserves to be remarked: in Turkey the bearers of the body almost run, whilst here they march with slow and measured tread. The procession that we saw pass by stopped before certain houses, and sometimes receded a few steps. I was told that the dead thus stopped before the doors of their friends to bid them a last farewell, and before the doors of their enemies, to effect a reconciliation before parting for ever. This desire that the dead should leave none but kind remembrances behind them, and this anxiety that the affections of life should accompany them to the tomb, have something in them very touching; I confess that I was never more deeply interested than by such a spectacle.—*Michaud's Egypt and Palestine.*

SCENES ON THE NILE.—Amongst the barks that came down the river some particularly attracted my attention; we met boats on which a great number of bee-hives are ranged one above another in a pyramidal form. It is two months since these hives have been sent into Upper Egypt, where clover and sainfoin flourish better than in the Delta; the travelling bees who have thus got the start of spring, sojourn for some weeks in the plains of Thebes and Montfalut; they then come down the Nile, and stop in the Fayum covered with roses; and in every place where lands rich in flowers afford them booty; at the end of March they return to the Delta, whence they set out and are restored to the huts of the Fellahs, who own the hives. A different spectacle next attracts notice; it is a flotilla composed of several rafts; each raft is formed of earthen jars fastened together with branches of palm; as the flotilla goes down the Nile, the pottery of which it is composed is sold in the towns and villages that border on the river. At each station one raft is disposed of. When those who conduct the flotilla have sold all, their voyage is at an end, they quit the Nile and return home by land.—*Ibid.*

THE HINDOO CHARACTER.—A thorough conviction of the total and absolute depravity of the Hindoo disposes my heart to irritate against him, and makes me suspect the motive of every action to be bad. I cannot love him; I pity him; I deplore his low estate, and I would do every thing to raise him from it. The females I consider to be totally depraved and polluted in mind, from their youngest infancy; their conversation, their habits of social life, but chiefly what we profanely call "their religion," are the causes of the pollution of their minds. The exhibitions on the ears of their idols, the figures on their temples, and on their other public buildings, their images, their performers, and their songs, are all such as would astonish and confound the most abandoned libertines of the most degraded cities of Christendom, even of Islamism.—*Gordon's Christian Researches in South India.*

It is the opinion of medical men, that 75 per cent of the infirm poor of Ireland die of destitution, or of the epidemics to which their impoverished condition exposes them.

QUICK MATCH.—Says I "Sukey?" and I winked. Says she, "why John?" "But," says I, "I don't mean something Sukey." "The deuce John you don't! what do you mean?" "I mean to ask if you will have me. There, dang it, it's all out at last."—"Have you," yes John, and be glad too," says Sukey: and so we started off, and had the knot tied about the quickest, and if I didn't feel kinder funny, then I hope I may be shot.—*YANKEE.*